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In Great Waters.

(Genevieve Irons, in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

Softly falls the summer night
O'er the ocean wide,
Memories of the afterglow
On its bosom glide;
Silently the day drops down,
Far beyond the tide.

Gracious is the fisher's lot,
Waking while we sleep,
God doth show him wondrous things
Out upon the deep,
Teaching him in parables
That his heart can keep.

Heaven that watcheth all night long.
With its thousand eyes,
Countless stars, that silently
Sing about the skies,
Whisper to his simple soul
Thoughts that make him wise,

'SOFTLY FALLS THE SUMMER NIGHT.'

Fishermen put out to sea,
For the night is fair,
And a goodly draught awaits
In the waters there,
Where the waves lie rocked to sleep
In the evening air.

Ocean, with its restless moods,
Sullen, mild, or gay,
Unto God unchangeable
Teacheth him to pray,
Trains him for the Sabbath morn
Of an endless day.

And his very fishing-net
Speaks a message true,
Telling him how joyfully
Man such work should do—
Since, with love let down from heaven,
God is fishing too.

His Dual Mission.

It is easy to criticize the ministers, and, indeed, to offer good excuses for such criticism. But it ought to be borne in mind, that justice among men is purely a relative term and that as compared with the average layman the pastor is a man of exceeding virtue and exceeding power. The world is not suffering for good pastors, as much by a gunshot, as for good pewsters.

The Gospel of Christ is the Gospel of Help. The weary, the heavy laden, the oppressed, the bound, the tempted, the disappointed, the sinful, the sick, appealed to Jesus as the comfortable never did.

He said of himself: 'The Son of Man came to save that which was lost,' and the record of Him is that He went about doing good. Here are the foundation courses of the pastorate, and as to the life of the ministry upon the lost, so far as individual effort is concerned ,the record is one to be proud of. The missions, the free hospitals, the Salvation Army, the American Volunteers, the deaconesses, the prison chaplains, and the like are of the church, without exception.

Next to the lost, in the estimation of Jesus, came the little children. 'Suffer them,' He said, 'to come unto me.' But He said that, not to ministers, but to parents. Homes are the churches, or the pitfalls of children. He took a little child and set it in the midst and said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

What, would they come if they were suffered to, these totally depraved little men and women?

'Yes, they would. That heresy has the backing of Jesus Christ.

What a picture of society it is; in the midst a little child—the stuff of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Christian adults encircling them like a wall. 'Give me your children, and the world will be a Heaven. And the children will naturally come unto me if you suffer them,' says the Son of God.

We hear men say—good men ,too. 'Ah, well,

they will go wrong; they will drink; they will sow their wild oats; boys will be boys.' That is a lie. That is Atheism. Boys will be Christians if they get a chance.

So, there we have a child in the midst and strong men forming a ring about them and the Christ, and into that circle we, in these days, admit saloons to prey upon the helpless and defy the Saviour of man. And what is our excuse? 'Oh, well, they—the saloons—are importune and stubborn, and they pay money for the freedom of the circle, and boys will go wrong anyway.' It is horrible.

The pastors fail because the laymen fail them at the election. The highways ought to be safe for little boys and girls. A Christian community ought to scorn the money of the child-killer.

The pulpit is a failure and the world is lost unless the pastorate takes on an imperial expansion into the pews, into the homes, into the streets and alleys, into the council chambers and legislatures, into the primaries and the polling booths, until church members—'ex vi termini'—are pastors in politics, avenging the innocent, prevent oppression of the weak, and suffering the little children to come to their big Brother, Jesus.—'Home Herald.'

What It Involves.

The London 'Presbyterian' gives utterance to a very forcible truth in the following paragraph:

It is the sanctity attaching to the Sabbath day which has secured it as a day of rest from labor. All factories and offices are closed, and the hard-worked millions get release from toil, if they get nothing else. If the sacred character of the day is once broken down, it will be impossible to guard it against demands that may be made for work. If it is a mere holiday, it has to be interfered with if occasion arise. There will be no conscience in the matter. A man may refuse to work whose religion forbids him to labor on that day, but a man cannot refuse in the same way to give up a little enjoyment or idleness when his master wants him. When Sunday becomes a day of pleasure, it is in the fair way of becoming a day of labor. It is so in many parts of the Continent, and it would soon become so among ourselves.

We who dwell on this side of the Atlantic may take all this to ourselves with profit. Every individual who makes the Sabbath a day of merely physical rest, and does not regard it as in any sense sacred, is just helping to bring about the abolition of the Sabbath entirely.—New York 'Observer.'

Angry With A Mirror.

Some years ago there was a missionary bazaar held in a Christian city in aid of the African missions. When the bazaar was finished, it was found that a number of articles were left unsold. Some of them, it was thought, would be very handy for the mission, so it was decided to send the lot out to Africa. Among other things was a box of little hand-mirrors that had been given by a merchant. Looking-glasses seemed queer things to send to a foreign mission; however, they were sent, and became the most useful article there. The mirrors took the people's fancy, and their fame was carried far beyond the station. The knowledge of this wonderful thing came to a princess of a distant powerful tribe. She had never beheld her dusky countenance, except as a double silhouette in a placid lake, and she longed to behold all her charms, for being a princess she was told by everybody that she was most beautiful; whereas she was one of the plainest women in the whole tribe. A messenger was despatched for one of the mirrors, which he procured, and at once returned to his mistress. When she got possession of it she did not look into it at once, but took herself off to her own place, that she might have a good long look at her beauty. When she beheld herself as she was, with one blow of her royal hand she dashed the glass to pieces. She ordered the missionaries off her territory, and published an edict forbidding looking-glasses being brought into the country.

Are there not many in other lands who are in a similar condition with regard to their souls? When they are brought face to face with God's looking-glass, with the hideousness of their sin, and they cannot deny the fact, they blame the mirror, seek to avoid it, and destroy it that they may lay the flattering falsehood to themselves that they are not so ugly as they appear.—Selected.

Bear the Message Onward.

Bear the message onward!
Speed the word with prayer!
You must do your duty,
Let who will forbear,
Weary not in service,
Let not courage die;
Doubt not: God is faithful,
Fear not: help is nigh.

Bear the message onward!
'Tis so grandly true;
Whersoe'er it cometh
Eden blooms anew!
Work performed for Jesus
Cannot go unblest!
Not till life is ended,
Must God's servants rest.

Bear the message onward!
Speak it forth with power,
Let it reach fresh regions
Every passing hour
Human souls outvalue
Coronets empearled;
Pause not till the message
Vibrates through the world.

—Selected.

There Came Out This Calf.

Aaron professed to be greatly astonished that the calf should come out; but of course the calf took its shape from the mould in which it was cast; and who prepared that mould? Aaron himself? Do we not see just the same thing to-day? Hear how that father laments over his son. 'I could not have believed he would turn out so badly; he takes no notice of anything I say to him.' But when he was a child he was allowed to have his own way if he only teased and cried long enough. It was much easier to give the child the sugar he cried for than patiently to teach him that he would never get anything by crying for it. Much easier, a few years later, to let him choose his own companions and follow his own pursuits, than to take some care about these things, so as, at the same time, to keep his affection and maintain a wise and firm control over him. The mould was made, and the result might have been expected. Look at that mother, who is breaking her heart because her daughter is obstinately bent on marrying a godless young man! Yet the mother suffered her child to go where she would not have thought of going herself. True, the girl had professed conversion, but she was not taught how the Lord loves obedience, and how there can be no fellowship between light and darkness. 'You know young people must have a little pleasure,' was made the excuse for worldly frivolity, and what has come out of the mould is nothing more than might have been looked for. When Eli was very old he feebly remonstrated with his ungodly sons, and they did not heed him; but God's charge against Eli was that he did not restrain them when he might have done it (I. Sam. iii., 13). How different what God could say about Abraham, 'For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment.' (Gen. xviii., 19).—'The Believer's Pathway.'

Religious Notes.

Through the influence of the Students' Volunteer Movement, many un-American institutions of learning are being trained to understand and sympathize with missionary work at home and abroad. They are proving their interest by giving, going, and praying. Over 60 American colleges and schools each contributed $300 or more to missions last year. Many of them send out their own graduates and support them, and mission study classes are well attended. Knox College, Toronto, raised $8,000; the University of Pennsylvania, $4,000; Yale $2,500; and Harvard, $2,000. For per capita gifts of the student body, Rochester Theological Seminary leads with an average of $9.00 per student, while Allegheny Seminary, Auburn Seminary, Berkeley Divinity School, Garrett Biblical Institute, McCormick Seminary, Princeton Seminary, Louisville Seminary, Union Seminary, and Virginia, each gave $5.00 or more per student. In 17 institutions more than ninety per cent. are enrolled among the givers.

Occasionally it is asked whether the Student Volunteer Movement has realized the expectations of its projectors. The 'Intercollegian,' organ of the movement and of the Student Department of the International Y.M.C.A. Committee, prints in the April number a list of 254 students who sailed for mission fields last year, representing 40 missionary agencies in this country and Canada. The total number of volunteers from colleges now on the field, at work, and as rapidly as may be earning the title of Veterans ,is 3,207.

'We praise God,' said the Rev. Arthur Taylor, in submitting the report at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 'that this institution recruits its strength and gathers new health and energy, amid so many things which wax old and are ready to vanish away.' As missionary effort expands, there come ever new demands for the publication of fresh versions of the Scriptures; and the fact that the Society has promoted the issue of the Word of God in no fewer than 409 different tongues is eloquent of the assiduous spirit in which the work is prosecuted. Three-fourths of the volumes issued go to the mission field. More than 1,000,000 were circulated in China, India claiming 693,000, and Russia—amid so much disturbance and distress—receiving an increase of 10,000 over the 500,000 of the previous year .

The circulation in Japan had more than doubled; and tidings of cheering progress come also from such countries as Brazil, Argentina, and the Republics of the Andes. As an instance of the varied demands made within the bounds of the British Empire, it was mentioned that in three months 25,000 copies sent to Canada represented 29 languages. The extent to which the services of native Christians are enlisted in this work is shown by the fact that 900 such colporteurs are employed. Onew ho was arrested in Macedonia had a copy of Matthew in his pocket, and so readily did his fellow prisoners listen to him as he read that he continued all night.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: Jas. McDougall, Blakeney, Ont., ... $ 2.70

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Received for the komatik: Lilac Hillside S. S., Maxville, $1.00; A Friend, $5.00; John H. Mennie, St. Mary's, $1.00; Total $7.00.

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Previously acknowledged for the cots	98.98
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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

All contributions in the way of clothing, etc., must be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1907.

The Day of Atonement.

Lev. xvi., 5-22. Memory verse, 2. Read Lev. xvi., xvii., Heb. ix.

Golden Text.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him. Heb. vii., 25.

Home Readings

Monday, August 12.—Lev. xvi., 1-19.

Tuesday, August 13.—Lev. xvi., 20-34.

Wednesday, August 14.—Lev. xvii., 1-16.

Thursday, Augus 15.—Lev. xxiii., 23-44.

Friday, August 16.—Isa. lviii., 1-14.

Saturday, August 17.—Heb. ix., 1-14.

Sunday, August 18.—Heb. ix., 15-28.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you remember the story we studied last Sunday about Nadab and Abihu? They did wrong because they disobeyed God's will. What do we call that? Yes we say they sinned. It was sin because it was contrary to God's law, and whatever is against his will is sin. Did you ever try shooting at a target? You know how it is made in different rings while in the centre is what is called a 'bull's eye.' Did you ever hit this centre spot? Very few people can because it is a perfect shot that goes right to the centre of the target. God tries to make us understand what sin is by giving us a word that means just that, 'a missing of the mark.' The ten commandments that God gave, and all that he has told us to do must be kept if we are to be quite good, and if we do wrong in anything, no matter how small, we miss the mark God has set us. Does any one do right all the time? No, indeed, we all know that we often do wrong. While the Israelites were travelling through the wilderness and, indeed all the time they had a country of their own to live in, they had once every year a great service in which they confessed their sin, and this day was called the Day of Atonement.

Describe the service and show the children how it pointed forward to Christ, who should come to bear our sins as the goat was supposed to bear the sins of the Israelites, and how God will not accept us unless we come in Christ's name, any more than the High Priest was allowed to enter God's presence before he had offered the necessary sacrifice.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The bright light that the New Testament throws on the meaning of Old Testament rites and ritual makes it unprofitable, almost impossible to study such a matter as to-day's lesson without constant reference from one to the other. Especially have we reason to be grateful to the author of Hebrews. In point of time this lesson follows the last very closely. The ritual may have been in many cases blindly followed, but there must have been many of the priests and people who knew that the temple services were but prophecies of what was yet to come. The faith of Moses and Abraham who so assuredly looked forward to the coming Christ, must have found companions in their hope. The backward glance of faith to the historical Christ cannot call for the same great exercise that the forward look required, yet while the question of the atonement is one of the most frequently discussed to-day, we are accustomed to judge the groping Israelites harshly.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

The Atonement Inadequate. It was an expression of the inherent insufficiency of the sacrifices of the past year; and acknowledgment that, notwithstanding all those propitiations, there still remained an alienation between a sinful people and a perfectly holy God. It was the design of this day to acknowledge this, and by the most solemn types, symbolically to remove it; yet in the provision for its annual repetition, its insufficiency to this end stands confessed, and with especial clearness it points forward to the only true remedy in Him who should really obtain the victory over the power of evil.—Gardiner.

Our Own Accountability. There are two words which ought never to be heard by children—'luck' and 'chance'; the two verbal scapegoats on which are laid half the sins and follies of the race. If there is anything which is essential to the moral health and strength of a boy or girl, it is to plant deep in the consciousness the fact that this is an ordered world; that a man reaps that which he sows; that he secures the rewards for which he is willing to make the effort, and gains the prizes for which he is willing to pay the price in labor, self-denial, and struggle.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you.—Baxter.

A grimy hand may do a gracious deed, but a bad heart can not.—Babcock.

By all that He requires of me
I know what God Himself must be.
—Whittier.

Christianity derives its name from Christ, its meaning from the Cross; reduced to its simplest terms, Christianity gives Jesus Christ and Him crucified.—Charles Cuthbert Hall.

Few, perhaps, would reject the Atonement except for that which goes with the Atonement, the call that we shall be conformed unto Christ's death by dying to sin in our own hearts and lives.—Charles Cuthbert Hall.—

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'By the side of the victim, which was placed between the altar and the porch, stood the high priest, arrayed in his white robes, with his face towards the west. In this attitude of a penitent sinner, the pontiff laid both his hands upon the sacrifice and confessed his sins in an audible voice in the sight of God and the assembled congregation as follows: "O Lord, I have sinned, I have committed iniquity, I have transgressed before thee, I and my house. O Lord, I beseech thee, cover over my sins, iniquities, and transgressions which I have committed before thee, I and my house, even as it is written in the law of Moses thy servant."'—Edersheim.

To be the scapegoat (vs. 10, 26) is translated in the R. V. 'for Azazel.' The sacrificed goat was 'for Jehovah.' This was 'for Azazel,' his exact opposite, the prince of darkness, according to the majority of modern scholars. In Milton's 'Paradise Lost' 'Azazel is represented as the standard bearer of the infernal hosts, cast out from heaven and become the embodiment of despair.'—'Century Dictionary.' 'The meaning is very uncertain.'

'There can be little doubt that the ceremonial was intended as a symbolical declaration that the land and the people are now purged from guilt, their sins being handed over to the evil spirit to whom they are held to belong.'—Prof. Driver, in Hastings' 'Bible Dictionary.'

'While the other goat was being sacrificed, the scapegoat had been looking eastward confronting the people, waiting for the terrible load which it was to carry away "unto a land not inhabited." Laying both his hands on the head of this goat, the high priest now confessed and pleaded; "O Lord, thy people, the house of Israel, have transgressed; they have rebelled; they have sinned before thee. I beseech thee now absolve their transgressions, their rebellion, and their sin that they have sinned against thee, as it is written in the law of Moses thy servant, that on this day he shall make atonement for you to cleanse you from all your sins, and you shall be cleansed." And while the prostrate multitude worshipped at the name of Jehovah, the high priest turned his face towards them as he uttered the last words, "Ye shall be cleansed!" After the confession had been made over the head of the scapegoat, it was committed to the charge of some person or persons, previously chosen for the purpose, and carried away into the wilderness; where, as we should understand (v. 22), it was set at liberty. The arrival of the goat in the wilderness was telegraphed by the waving of flags from station to station, till a few minutes after its occurrence it was known in the temple, and whispered from ear to ear that "the goat had borne upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited."'—Edersheim.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Psalms li., ciii., cxxx.; Isa. liv., 7, 8; lv., 7-9; liii., 6; Acts iv., 12; Heb. ii., 9.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 18.—Topic—The value of decision. Eph. iv., 14, 26; Jas. i., 1-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 12.—Ezekiel's call. Ezek. i., 1-3.

Tuesday, August 13.—His commission. Ezek. iii., 15-21.

Wednesday, August 14.—Draw near to God. Heb. x., 16, 17, 22.

Thursday, August 15.—Pray for a new heart. Ps. li., 10.

Friday, August 16.—God will give it. Jer. xxiv., 7.

Saturday, August 17.—Christ in our hearts. Eph. iii., 17-19.

Sunday, August 18.—Topic—A new heart and how to get it. Ezek. xxxvi., 25-27.

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THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

Well, the annual feast of the Old Fellows was held in Netherborough, not a great while after poor Tom Smart had fallen in his fight with Apollyon. After the annual business of the club was transacted, a dinner was provided in the club-room of the inn. Of course, much strong ale and still stronger liquors were freely quaffed by all and sundry; toasts were honored, speeches were made, and social hilarity was the order of the day.

Of course ,the leading magnates of the town were present. Dr. Medway of the purple countenance was there as the club-doctor, and his younger rival as an invited guest. Lawyer Everett was there as the club-solicitor; and besides other semi-officials, and honorary members, several invited visitors from the town and neighborhood. Among these was Walter Bardsley and his younger brother-in-law, Cuthbert Hayes. These two had been more than ever intimate as companions and friends, and it was the subject of universal remark in Netherborough that both of them had changed during the brief space that elapsed since Walter's wedding-day.

Of course, the worthy vicar was a distinguished guest, as was also the Rev. Daniel Dunwell, the excellent Nonconformist minister. His presence was always welcomed with a triple round of cheers. His speeches were so sound and sensible, so full of wit and humor, and his apt and timely jokes and stories never failed to set the table in a roar. Not but that on occasion Mr. Dunwell was most grave and serious in his advice to the men of the club. He spoke lovingly and well of the value of forethought, thrift, and their kindred virtues, not forgetting, too, to speak of the wisdom and necessity of insuring happy provision of the world to come.

On this particular occasion, Mr. Dunwell excelled himself. By his wonderful combination of pathos and humor, he roused the company to a pitch of enthusiasm not common to them, even when under the spell of his own fascinating speech. All this was the more remarkable because it was evident to everybody that Mr. Dunwell was 'not at all himself.' He was wan and worried in appearance, had dark rings about his sunken eyes, and the smiles and general jauntiness that were more or less suitable to the occasion were evidently assumed, and maintained only by a strong effort of the will. His more intimate friends had noted this change in him for many days past, but only a very few of them ascribed it to its real cause. The fact is that Tom Smart's dreadful misadventure at the sacramental service, and his mysterious disappearance, had fallen on the pastor of 'Zion' like a blow, and had brought him face to face with questions such as he had never asked himself before.

At the close of his address everybody seemed wishful to take wine with him. He was ever courteous and genial, and had not the heart to disoblige. Little by little, and quite unaware of it all, he passed the bounds of moderation and became flushed and 'elevated.' The red flag of danger showed itself upon his face, but, alas! he himself could not read the warning. Others noted it; some with a wicked pleasure; some with a degree of pain.

Mr. Norwood Hayes saw it, and was grieved! he saw it develop and was angry. He was led, at length, to look at him steadily with a view to catch his eye, his own eye being filled with meaning and rebuke. His friend and pastor, however, was too obfuscated to readily read the warning. When he did perceive it, he intimated his intention to retire. This was greeted by a protest so strong, so universal, that he sank again upon his seat with a foolish smile upon his handsome face.

Meanwhile Dr. Medway, the soaked and seasoned medico, who avowed such faith in the medical virtues of port wine, and who showed his faith by his works, alike in his prescriptions and his practice, leaned towards Lawyer Everett, his boon companion, in many a revel, and whispered to him. Everett professed, so far as religion was concerned, to be an unbeliever, and never lost an opportunity of scoffing at or putting shame on those who held a nobler creed. His eyes gleamed and an evil smile came across his face. Turning to his neighbor on the other side, who was no other than that pink of honor, Dick Bardsley, he whispered in turn to him. The precious trio allied themselves forthwith to devise and work out a piece of deviltry.

A little later on, Lawyer Everett rose to his feet and was greeted with a round of cheers. He also was a glib and taking speaker, and had the ear of his audience at once. Addressing the president of the evening, he said: 'I venture to express the hope, Mr. President, that you will pardon the liberty I take in attempting to interfere with the prescribed list of toasts on this occasion. I think, sir, that when you hear the toast that I would propose, I shall have your heartiest permission and approval.' Here he paused, looking to the chair inquiringly. The president nodded a gracious permission to proceed.

'We have had with us for many years at these annual festivities,' resumed the lawyer, 'the presence of our brilliant and eloquent friend and brother, if he will allow me the honor of calling him so, the Rev. Daniel Dunwell.' Here there was vociferous applause. 'I was quite sure,' continued the speaker, 'that the name would get that unmistakable greeting. Well, I have heard the reverend gentleman speak on many occasions, in many places, and on many subjects, but I must say that I have never heard him to such advantage, never felt so spellbound, never had all that is best in me' (which was not much) 'so roused and strengthenedfi as by the lucid, lively, witty, pathetic, humorous, beautiful, and brilliant speech we have heard from his lips to-night. I am willing to bear all the responsibility of this somewhat irregular toast, even to the providing of sufficient champagne of the Nonpariel Brand in which to do it honor. I would suggest that the gentleman whom we delight to honor, be given a little time before he responds, seeing that he has been taken by surprise. Fill your glasses, gentlemen, and let us ask the president to lead us in drinking health, long life, and prosperity to the Reverend Daniel Dunwell.'

They all rose from their seats, 'did full justice' to the toast, and to the Nonpariel too, and joined thereafter in a tumultuous cheer. Mr. Dunwell was taken by surprise, and he was grateful for the pause provided for him before he ventured to reply. Alas, he employed the time in seeking inspiration from the flowing bowl, just as the plotters had expected. Then he arose, and the precious trio who had planned the shameful snare, knew that the hour of their triumph was at hand.

No sooner had he risen than he dropped again into his seat. Again he made the effort to stand upon his feet, and leaning both hands upon the table, he lifted up his face. And what a face! His hair was in disorder, his eyes were dull and heavy, and his eyelids could not succeed in their struggle to keep unshut. His features were red and swollen, and his mouth was unable to shape itself to utter the incoherencies he aimed at. He swayed from side to side, mumbled a few sounds of unintelligible drivel, and then literally slid down in a huddled heap upon his chair!

A great silence filled the room! A silence of surprise; a silence of disgust; a silence of sorrow and dismay; a silence of exultation and delight.

Then Mr. Norwood Hayes announced that Mr. Dunwell had been taken ill, and opening a side door close by the end of the raised table where the president sat surrounded by the leading guests, he and another succeeded in getting him removed.

The whispered interpretation of the supposed 'illness' given to his comrades by Dr. Medway in this cruel and vile plot, was sufficiently expressive; and, alas! was also more than sufficiently true. 'He's as drunk as a lord!' said he, with an exultant chuckle, that revealed the baseness of the man. The kindly intentioned effort of Mr. Hayes and a few other staunch friends to impose and urge the 'illness' theory on the general public as the cause of Mr. Dunwell's strange conduct at the club feast, did something to check the tide of feeling that was setting fast against the unhappy man, but both he and they felt that his career at Netherborough was all but ended; and, so far as he was concerned, he was more than willing that this should be. The story of this fall is terrible in the telling.

The idea must not be entertained for one moment that Daniel Dunwell had been anything other than a Christian man, a true disciple of Jesus Christ in everything that made his life worthy and useful, except in his attitude on the drink question. In defence of that position he had the support of popular custom, common wont and usage, and the conventional Christianity which refuses to regard the grim destroyer of soul and body as a forbidden thing.

Since that memorable Communion Service which ended so desperately for poor Tom Smart, Mr. Dunwell had never been himself. Crushed down by an overwhelming sense of the utter collapse of all hope for the poor reformed drunkard, now that his feet had been tripped up in the very sanctuary of Christ, he had for weeks past found himself unequal to the preparation of his sermons. He groaned in bitterness of soul to feel that he could not do it without a stimulus from the decanter, and yet he hated himself the more for his confession of weakness, this acknowledgment of bands that he could not break.

(To be Continued.)

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What Millie Learned in the College.

(Mrs. W. H. Hayden, in the New York 'Observer.')

'Millie Stone is home from college, and she looks prettier than ever! She ought to have a jolly time now, plenty of money, a lovely home and freedom to do just as she wants all day long.'

An unconscious sigh followed the words as the speaker laid aside her darning basket, and took up a school exercise for correction. Her mother's sigh was not unconscious, but she said nothing. Often before this had she put into words her ever-present regret that Mary had not been able to carry out her intention and longing to go with her friend to college. No; there was no use in words, but she leaned over and stroked lovingly the bent head. Her daughter looked up quickly, and noting her mother's expression, she carried the hand to her lips.

'Now, Motherdie, it's all right. You know I was not thinking of myself; you know I'd rather have stayed with you and the boys. And now I am enjoying my teaching more every day. I like to feel I am necessary to you all. I am afraid Millie can't feel this comfort, for she has no brothers or sisters, and it seems as if her mother was so absorbed by society she could hardly have time really to need a daughter. But—"speaking of angels," here comes Millie now. I knew it would not be long before she came to see you.'

Mary ran to meet her and bring her to receive the loving greeting which never failed to await Millie Stone here or elsewhere. She threw off her furs and settled herself for a good talk, for her years of absence had never weaned her affections for her early friends. An hour slipped quickly by, filled with stories of her college days—both grave and gay.

'Glad to be through?' she answered Mrs. Miles' question. 'Can any girl ever say that? I think it must always mean a wrench to one's truest self to say good-bye to this part of one's life. A big part of myself is left behind; but I can say I am glad to feel I am ready to try and be of some use in the world. I have been receiving all of my thirty-three years, and now I mean to try to give. I'd like to feel like Mollie, dear, that my days were full of usefulness. I envy her being so necessary and her life so worth while.'

'You are sure to make yours that, Millie,' replied Mary; 'it seems to me it's so without any effort of yours.'

Millie hesitated and repressed the words which had sprung to her lips. Rising, she gathered up her cloak, saying:

'You can come around to-morrow afternoon, Mollie? The Faithful Four are to meet once again for confession and discussion of our lives—past, present and future. As it is more than two years since we have been all together, owing to Kate's roving habits, we ought to have much to say. Come right from school. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Miles; you must promise you won't get tired of my visits, for I intend they shall be numerous.'

The other girls had arrived when Mary entered the spacious library the following afternoon, and they greeted her warmly, Millie taking her wraps and establishing her in the easiest chair.

'I feel as if we were all useless idlers beside you, Mary Miles. I beg your pardon, Alice, for I see you are about to protest; but I know Kate and I have done nothing useful to-day. Well, now we are cozy and comfortable, and some one can begin and give an account of herself, and we will listen respectfully.'

But none of them seemed in haste to take up Millie's suggestion. The four girls gathered before the blazing wood fire had grown up together since childhood, and graduated in the same class from the High School. Since then, though their paths had rather widely separated, they had kept up their intimacy by letters and as frequent reunions as circumstances allowed, and always met with loving delight. But it was hard sometimes to resume at once their old habit of confidential talk, and Millie spoke again:

'I wonder if you feel as I do that we have gone a long way since we sat here and talked—well, say, that night after we were graduated from High School. How we planned and looked ahead, and how differently everything looks now!'

'To you perhaps, Millie,' said Kate Ashton. 'I've always heard college changes one's views and ideals so much. If you had stayed at home with us and plodded on in the same old path, you might not see things so differently.'

A laugh greeted the remark, for Kate's 'plodding' had been a social career of unusual success, and rumor gave her a choice of brilliant futures.

'Well, Kittie, if things have been so stationary with you you can confess first. Go ahead, and tell us all about it,' said Millie, when the laugh ceased and Kate replied lightly:

'All right, I have nothing to conceal. These four years have been busy ones—receptions, dinners and an occasional ball thrown in. Europe or Florida in the winter, Newport in the summer, the Hot Springs or Lakewood in between seasons. Fun—lots of it. The first year was all heart could ask—nothing could have been jollier. Perhaps one gets tired of it after a certain amount—' and Kate yawned and stretched her arms; 'but I am not going to spoil it for you, Millie, for you are going to test it for yourself. Whenever I've met your mother in the giddy whirl she has voiced a longing for the time when she would have you with her, so you will soon try it. It takes longer to live it than to tell it; but that's all I have to confess.'

Cries of remonstrance met her last remark. 'No, no,' 'You leave out the vital part,' 'Remember our vow of entire honesty, and tell us how near you are to going as ambassadress to the Court of St. James, or other places we might name.'

But Kate, laughing and blushing a trifle, said that there were some things the vow absolved them from confessing.

'You girls will conceal many things, I know, and you can do it successfully, only because you have not the misfortune to be talked about. But I'll promise that when I do make up my mind as to my future I'll tell you girls before any one else.'

'That's all we can ask,' said Millie. 'Now, Alice, it's your turn.'

'You all know my life work. It's not changed, nor have I seen anything better in these four years. All I ask is to be the bond slave of music and serve my mistress all my remaining days. I have dreams of a reward from her in the coming years, of some fame in return for my devotion, but whether she bestows it or not, my soul is satisfied with my service, and I know no yearnings apart from it.'

'Happy, thrice happy, girl,' and Kate leaned over and patted the speaker vigorously. 'I can imagine no happier lot. To have a great enthusiasm and to be able to devote one's life to it. Heigh-ho! girls, can any of you equal Alice's prospect of a thoroughly happy future?'

Millie gazed thoughtfully in the fire and another silence fell on the little group. It was broken by the entrance of a maid with tea and cakes, and under their cheering influence the girls gossiped gayly of old times and acquaintances. The early twilight invaded the room after the tea was carried out, and Millie stirred the fire, till its leaping blaze illumined the gloom.

'Now,' said Kate, 'you and Mary are to tell us all the years have taught you. Don't make that fire burn too brightly, my dear, or we can see your blushes.'

'You first, Mollie, dear,' and Millie took a low stool by her friend's chair, leaning back against its arm.

Mary spoke with an evident effort: 'You know all I have to tell, I think.' A little pause was eloquent with the silent sympathy of the girls, as they recalled the sudden death of Mr. Mills, a month after Mary's graduation, the discovery that his business affairs were in a condition that left little for the support of his family. Her friends offered the homage of their hearts to the brave way in which Mary had given up her plan of a college career and had accepted a place as teacher in the school, which was procured for her by her father's friends.

'I do not regret anything now,' she went on, comforted by the pressure of Millie's hand. 'It's very good to feel I am a comfort to mother—I have such a sense of proprietorship in them and such plans for their future. When they are famous men, as I mean they shall be, I shall forget that I ever had any hours of regret for my own life; and I really enjoy my work and can look forward to a future of teaching with pleasure.'

'I am so glad, Mollie, dear,' said Kate, in her impulsive way. 'I've always been afraid to ask you if you were really interested in it, still I predict a very different future for you than that of teacher. But speaking of prophecies and realizations, it's growing late, we'll listen to Millie. Do you recall the class prophecies of her future—how did it go, Millie?'

Mary replied for her, 'That she would

'"Measure her life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth."'

'Yes; that is it. How can we reconcile that with the future which surely waits for her—that of reigning belle, ending with the most brilliant of international marriages, an English earl at least.'

'Well, we can easily sketch her future for her,' assented Alice; 'but she can give us her own ideas about it. Go on, dear.'

Millie spoke quickly, as though fearing a pause would make speech more difficult.

'I have a real confession to make, that may surprise you. No one knows yet anything of it except my parents; but I want you to know the plan I have for my life and the easiest way to tell you is just to state the simple fact that I want and intend to be a missionary, either at home or abroad.

The utter silence which followed her statemen told Millie she had not overestimated the amazement with which it would be received, and Mary felt the trembling of the hand in hers. Just as it was becoming oppressive, Kate broke the silence with a slow, deliberate question:

'It has remained for you to bring us into unknown regions, and may we ask if you are willing to give us your reasons why, Millie? Things must indeed look differently to you than they did four years ago.'

Millie began to speak with hesitation, but as she went on her words came in a clear, earnest utterance:

'Yes, Kittie; I am willing and glad to give you my reasons, and I think they have their root in that very prophecy. At the time it was made I surely had no intention of making my life a service. But the words stuck, and I could not forget them. At college the life of service was held up before us as our ideal, it seemed "the spirit of the times." And I began to have a horror of being of no use and feeling the world could get on just as well without me; and I came to know the desperate need of it, such as I had never dreamed, and such a longing came over me to give all of me, for nothing less was adequate. But how to give and where were the problems I faced.

'And, girls,' her voice dropped, 'I cannot talk much now about my supreme, compelling reason; but I found it, and the answer to all my questions in the love of Jesus Christ. Because the aim of His life "not to

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be ministered unto, but to minister," was mine in lesser degree, I took Him as my guide. They told us that Mary Lyon used to say, "If you would truly serve, you must be willing to go where no one else will go, and do what no one else will do," and I think those conditions are met in the missionary life. I believe that the image of God yet dwells in every human soul, and that the love of Christ can find it. I cannot tell you more now—only believe I am very happy in my choice, even if you cannot understand it.'

Kate seemed to be the only one capable of speech, and as she rose, the others did the same, standing for a parting moment before the fire.

'Well, Millie, I confess I cannot understand it, it's such an utterly new view of you to take. I've got to go home and think it over. We can talk more after we have got our breath.' She laughed a trifle bitterly as she went on. 'I seem to be the only one who has not declared herself happy and satisfied with her life and future! but I won't admit you all are right and poor me otherwise. But, Millie, how do you feel so sure you have a call for such a life—everything seems to me to point to quite another way? I am free to say I have never had any call to go as any kind of a missionary.

Millie replied with spirit: 'How can you assert that, Kittie? Some one has asked a pertinent question. "Have you ever come within calling distance?" I don't read in my Bible anything about a "call," though, after all. It was a command Christ left us, and I don't read that He made any exceptions.'

There was no reply to her challenge, and after a few moments of desultory chat on indifferent subjects, the girls separated, each to ponder in solitude the reasons why one of their number had chosen her lifework.

Push! Push!

When Cousin Will was at home for the holidays the boys always expected to have plentye of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after wild flowers. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it uphill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. 'Push! Push!' was the cry.

The man brightened up, the cart trundled as fast as rheumatism would let it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

'Obliged to ye,' said the man. 'You just wait a minute.' And he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

'Now, boys,' said Cousin Will, 'this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. "Push!" It is just the word for a grand, clear morning.'

If anybody is in trouble and you see it, don't stand back. Push!

Whenever there's a kind thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might. Push!—'Christian Globe.'

Girls Who 'Fit In.'

There are some girls who never fit in anywhere. They are stiff, unyielding, angular. Wherever you put them it is a misfit; they are uneasy, discontented, uncomfortable, and impracticable. They clamor for their rights, they complain of their troubles, they magnify their authority, they stand upon their dignity, and all around must bow, bend, or break before them. Such girls always have trouble. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow things go wrong with them, or do not go at all; and they seem to have no wisdom or power to correct the wrongs or remedy the evils of which they complain. If the threads are tangled, they jerk them.

There are others who may have quite as much tenacity, but they have more ductibility. They yield, they bend, they give way. They accept the situation. They conform to circumstances; they yield to the logic of facts and events. They are meek, and gentle, and kind; and yet they have their own way quite as often without a fuss as those more boisterous and turbulent souls do with all their storming.

Such girls know how to fit in. They can take what comes and be thankful. They can fill the place that is vacant. They can do the thing that needs to be done. They can make the best of things. They have no grudges to gratify, no enemies to punish, no wrongs to avenge, no complaints to make. They step aside when a locomotive is coming, and they do not attempt to quarrel with nature or destiny.

There are always places for such girls, and they are ever welcome.—Bristol 'Times and Mirror.'

Quarrelling.

'You are not to have it! It is mine, I tell you!'

'It is not yours! I know it is mine— I know it by the ink stain on the red paint. It is my ball, and I mean to keep it,' said Lucy, as she kept tight hold of the ball which both little girls claimed as their own.

'It is not your ball, and it is very wicked of you to say it is!' screamed Fanny, getting so angry that her face was quite red.

'I am not wicked! It is you who are wicked to saly such things,' answered Lucy very crossly indeed.

Then a shocking thing happened. Fanny lost her temper altogether, and slapped Lucy; and Lucy was so angry at being slapped that she ran at Fanny and pushed her so violently that she nearly knocked over Miss Jackson, their governess, who was just coming into their room.

'What is the matter?' said Miss Jackson. 'You are not often rough, Fanny. What made you tumble against me like that?'

'It was not my fault. Lucy pushed me,' said Fanny, still feeling cross and angry.

'If I did push Fanny, she slapped me first,' said Lucy, 'and she said my ball was here.'

'Oh, children, children,' said Miss Jackson very gently, 'do not quarrel! Nothing is worth quarrelling about. Show me the ball!'

Lucy slowly opened her hand, and there was the poor ball about which so much fuss had been made, and so many unkind words had passed.

Miss Jackson looked at the ball for a minute without speaking, and Lucy and Fanny stood by feeling very much ashamed of themselves, for now they had time to calm down, they saw how wrong they had been to quarrel and even to fight. 'How could they do it!' they said to themselves.

'Put the poor ball on the chimney-piece, Lucy, and leave it there. I hope each time your eyes rest on it you will remember, and feel sorry to remember, how you two little sisters, who ought to love each other very dearly, shouted and quarrelled for that poor toy,' said Miss Jackson at last.

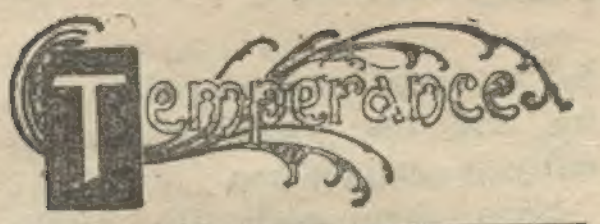
Lucy's eyes filled with tears.

'Don't put in on the chimney-piece—please don't,' she begged. 'Give it to Fanny, please. It was horrid of us to quarrel. We will never do it again, will we, Fanny?'

Fanny was touched by Lucy's words, and said humbly?'

'No, indeed, we will try not. I believe it was your ball, and I am sorry I slapped you.' —From 'Leading Things.'

'LITTLE SISTERS OUGHT TO LOVE EACH OTHER.'



The Men of To-morrow.

I hear the firm tread of the men of to-morrow,
As the well-filled ranks of the boys pass by;
Say, will their future bring gladness or sorrow,
A blinding through grief, or a clearness of eye?

What will the dawn of the morrow reveal?
How will the men who are coming appear?
Tempted by appetite, won by appeal,
To the right or the wrong will these fellows adhere?

With foul alcohol's fumes will they poison their lives,
Or wreck their career with tobacco's dread blight?
Will they stand all heroic and pledge their young lives
To frown on the wrong and encourage the right?

Oh, how is woven the weal of to-morrow
Into the lives of the boys of to-day!
Sunlit by virtue or darkened by sorrow,
Bringing mankind either joy or dismay.

—'Temperance Cause.'

Blessed Be Thy Advice.

'Blessed be thy advice,' said King David to Abigail, and well he might! She had, by a few sane, calm words, saved him from committing a terrible crime. Abigail, the adviser, has had countless successors, wise and otherwise. It is, apparently, so easy to give advice, no training is required to fit one for the position of an adviser. Even the red-nosed, bloated gentleman constantly to be found leaning against the publichouse to keep it up,' may be heard saying to his mate 'Do as I tell yer,' even if sincere enough to add 'Don't do as I do.' Needless to say such advice has usually little effect. The advice which costs little is worth what it costs. This subject of advice is, however, a very important one. Let us consider it briefly—

(1). To advise another is a serious matter. When we proffer advice we endeavor to alter the course of action, or change the opinion of the person we advise. This may seem, in many cases, a trifling matter, but, after all, is there such a thing as a trifle?

'The common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.'

Words are living things. Words have power. By our advice we try to set someone on a different track; but are we quite sure that it will ultimately prove the best course? It may be so, we must think it is so or we would not advise, but who is infallible? Surely we need to ask for Divine aid that we may have 'a right judgment' in this, as in all things, for a terrible amount of harm is sometimes done by a thoughtless word of advice. And nowhere perhaps is this harm more apparent than as regards strong drink. Who does not know of persons being led into intemperance by a chance word of advice? A woman appeared in a police court last week charged with being drunk and incapable. The husband stated in court that his wife suffered with her head. She had been a total abstainer for a long time, but calling on some friends they had given her a little gin, which upset her.

But, alas! it is not only the unlearned and ignorant who do mischief in this direction. A young soldier, who has well-nigh ruined himself through drink, told the writer that he was a staunch teetotaler until he was eighteen years of age; then, feeling one day out of sorts, he went to see a doctor and asked for a tonic. 'Take a bottle of stout a day,' said the doctor. 'But I am a total abstainer,' objected the youth. 'Can't help it,' said the doctor; 'I can't give you anything else.' The youth took the stout, and, by degrees, the stout took him. Before very long he was drinking a bottle of whiskey before breakfast, with the result that his constitution is to-day entirely ruined.

Another doctor, called in to attend an injured ankle, advised the sufferer to take a little alcohol. The patient was already addicted to drink, and it was simply owing to his wife's unremitting exertions that he abstained from strong drink. But 'the doctor ordered alcohol,' so what could she say? The result was that as soon as the man was able to walk about he began again to visit publichouses with disastrous results. Thank God! medical men do nowadays, for the most part, realize their responsibilities in the matter, and largely refrain from ordering strong drink indiscriminately. But every Temperance worker knows only too well that there are doctors who thoughtlessly order alcohol, and oftentimes even before the complaint is cured a thirst for drink is created, and by degrees the unfortunate person is found to 'add drunkenness to thirst.'

In such a case we might well say, 'Cursed be thy advice!'

(2). How to advise.

The advice we give should be the result of earnest conviction. A piece of good advice is often rendered fruitless because it is not born of conviction. 'Convictions can build cathedrals,' said Heine, 'opinions cannot.' Advise as if you believe what you advise. 'What I gives,' said a mean man, 'is nothing to nobody.' And the advice we give is often 'nothing to nobody,' because it costs us nothing to give. Unless it comes from the heart it is not likely to reach the heart. Advice, to be of any real service, must be backed up by character and conduct. St. Paul has a striking word on this point: 'And I myself also am persuaded of you my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another.' Their ability to admonish lay (as has somewhere been well pointed out) in the fact that they were 'full of goodness,' and 'filled with all knowledge.' Ah! who would not benefit by advice born of such a source as that? Goodness—knowledge—advice! And where the goodness and knowledge are lacking the advice is bound to be faulty. Truly 'to give good advice and a bad example is to build with one hand and to pull down with the other.' Further, we need consecrated tact and wisdom in this matter of advice-giving. A lady Temperance speaker was addressing lately an audience of working women. At the conclusion of the meeting she began to tackle the women individually, and, lighting on a heavy drinker, urged her to sign the pledge. A heated argument arose with the result that the woman left the hall in a rage. The following day an insulting letter was received from the woman's husband. The tactless word had engendered a bitter quarrel, and the woman was estranged from, rather than won to, the Temperance cause. It is a thousand pities when earnest efforts are rendered fruitless by want of a little tact. The elephant had excellent intentions when she decided to sit on the motherless chicks and keep them warm, but the result was the chicks were reduced to pulp! There is nothing to prevent Temperance teaching being given in an attractive manner, for, in the words of the Latin poet—

'ridentem dicere verum
Qui vetat?'

('Who forbids me to speak the truth smilingly?')

(3.) The nature of our advice.

We are apt sometimes to advise the easier path, forgetting that it is doing the difficult things that strengthen the moral backbone. The true object of advice is to help men to

'rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.'

Many a man would to-day be standing on a higher level of manhood if only he had been well advised in days gone by. The dishonest man would have paid that small debt he owed if some one had said to him, 'Pay up and be a man.' But the words were left unsaid, with the result that that one dishonest action led to another, and now he has strayed far away from the paths of rectitude and honor. The drunkard, the profligate, the gambler, how many of them might have been saved by an earnest, affectionate word of advice given at a critical moment of their lives?

A youth of eighteen was one day standing smoking, when a lady, a perfect stranger to him, got into conversation with him, and, by-and-bye, asked him why he smoked. 'I don't know,' replied the youth. 'Nor do I,' said the lady smiling. Then she gave him a few words of advice on the subject and left him. She met him again some time later and he said, 'I took your advice and I have not smoked once since our talk, and I don't mean to smoke any more.' It is not always that we are allowed to see the results of our efforts so plainly as that, but let us persevere. Let us go about offering good, wholesome, friendly advice (not preaching), whenever opportunities offer, remembering ever that it is God Amighty Who giveth the increase; and who knows but that we shall meet many on the other side who may say to us gladly and thankfully, 'Blessed be thy advice!'—E. E. H., in the 'Temperance Record.'

Labor and the Saloon.

One of the most encouraging facts connected with the temperance movement is the parting of the labor unions with the saloon. It is especially so when taken in connection with the demand of railroad companies and many manufacturers that their employees be strictly sober men. The change is as remarkable as it is hopeful of better days near at hand. The laboring man, in whatever grade of labor, has no greater enemy than the saloon. When this is clearly seen and becomes a basis of action by the unions we may look for great results. Labor will put on new dignity, the unions will become a greater moral force with all classes, and the country over, there will be thousands of happy homes where misery now dwells.

It is not long since the saloon held the laboring men under terrible tribute. The Rev. Charles Stelzle, superintendent of the department of working men, in the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, formerly a machinist, says that the members of the union with which he was connected were compelled to pass through a saloon to meet in their hall. The hall was rent free, but the members were expected to patronize the bar. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, strongly urged the convention to inaugurate a movement to obtain the use of public school rooms for the meetings of their unions in order to get away from halls with saloon attachments.

The Federated Trades Council, of Madison, Wis., adopted a resolution that organized labor should take the lead in favor of decency and sobriety, and urged every branch of organized labor to co-operate in building up a race better equipped mentally and physically to effectively continue the battle for the emancipation of the masses.

The publications representing organized labor give free expression to like sentiments. The movement is spreading; the conviction that the saloon is the laboring man's deadly enemy is fast gaining ground. The time is not distant when the separation between the labor union and the saloon will be complete. In that day capital and labor will be on good terms to the blessing of all classes.—'United Presbyterian.'

The Great Foe.

Is there a greater, bitterer foe to the Church of Christ, to the cause of man, than this State-licensed drink traffic? A mocker of the pulpit! A scorner of the truth! A destroyer of souls! Need? There is need, never was greater need, of a roused temperance sentiment. A sentiment coming from the very soul of the Church! A sentiment that will permeate society, senate, and school! A sentiment that will weld all sections of the community into one undivided, unbeaten force! A sentiment that will be work, hard work, brave work, long work!

The foe is busy. The fight is hard. The issues are great. We need to be roused—all that is intelligent and tender, all that is human, all that is Christlike, in us—roused to earnest action. We rest our cause upon God and good. Then, as the Lord liveth, let us arise. To dare! To do! To strive! And to win!—'Christian.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Legend of the South Wind.

The lazy, soft-eyed South Wind lay upon his downy couch of cloud mist, and looked away to the distant north.

He sang softly to himself as he swung to and fro, and wondered what there might be of joy and beauty away off toward the northern sky.

And as he looked, he saw a great field; and among its waving grasses were bright yellow flowers, shining like bits of gold.

'They are like my own soft yellow light,' thought the South Wind; 'the soft yellow light with which I mellow fields, and hills, and valleys, and dales, when the Indian summer broods over the earth. But I wonder, wonder what the little yellow flower is, whence it came and whither it will go.'

But the South Wind was indolent; he wondered and he dreamed, but never once did he rise from his soft cloud-mist couch.

One morning he looked again toward the north, and lo, a great change had come upon the field of golden flowers.

'THE LAZY, SOFT-EYED SOUTH WIND LAY UPON HIS DOWNY COUCH OF CLOUD MIST.'

The rich yellow had disappeared; and in place of the golden crowns each flower shone fleecy white, among the waving grasses.

'Alas, alas,' the South Wind sighed; 'my brother, the North Wind, has wrought this change. He has touched the heads of these golden flowers with his icy breath.'

'Why need he blight the summer fields; why need he rob them of their beauty?'

And as the South Wind sighed, there was a flutter among the flowers and grasses in all the sunny fields; their heads waved to and fro, and the grasses whispered softly to one another.

Then, even while the South Wind looked, behold the little shining white crowns disappeared. It was a strange change. The South Wind could not understand, but the air for miles and miles around was filled with tiny, white-winged filaments; and they flew hither and thither, rising and falling with the wind, and frolicking only the faster when the sad South Wind sighed.

'The dandelion seeds are looking for a place to sleep through the winter,' said the little Red Children. 'See how the South Wind helps them.'

But the South Wind said, 'What do the children mean? It is very strange.—'The Canadian Teacher.'

Marion and the Shadow Man.

Marion was in her room one afternoon, feeling very cross; for she had quarrelled with her cousin Jane and had come home in tears.

'Dear me,' half sighed a voice behind her, 'you do make me so much work!'

Marion turned around quickly and saw a little gray-bearded man with a sad countenance, carrying a large bag quite full of something that bulged it here and there very roughly.

'Well,' she exclaimed, 'I don't see how that can be! I do not know you, and I certainly never told you to do anything. Who are you?'

'Why, I am the Shadow Man. I pick up and carry away all the shadows you make. You have rag men to take away the rags, junk men, to take away old bones and bits of iron and such things, and of course you need to have a Shadow Man to take away the shadows. If you did not, you would soon be covered so you could not have any sunshine at all.'

'What do you give for shadows?' asked Marion.

'O, I never give anything for them. Shadows are things no one wants, so the ones who make them pay for them.'

'I do not understand,' said the little girl.

'Well, you were cross to-day with your cousin. You were to blame about wanting the doll all to yourself, and so you have paid one good afternoon's pleasure already for making a shadow on Cousin Jane's face. To-morrow you will be sorry, but you can not go there and enjoy yourself, so you will pay some more; and you will keep on paying, perhaps, till you have paid a very high price.'

'Well, what is it to you if I do?' grumbled the child, half ashamed that she had been so foolish.

'O, I have to come around to take care of the shadows! See, here are some you have made to-day!'

The little man opened the bag and pulled out a handful. They were very light and thin, but quite broad. He laid them out on Marion's bed for her to look at: 'Here is the first one,' he remarked. Marion saw that shadow of a lazy girl lying in bed. 'That one,' continued the Shadow Man, 'I found clinging to your mother. You put it on her; for she did not sleep well last night, was tired, and needed you to help get breakfast. This one, you see, is the shadow of a hand. I found that on the side of your little brother's face.'

'Yes,' owned Marion, with a guilty air, 'I did threaten to strike him. I raised my hand to do it, but I did not suppose the shadow would stay like that.'

'Here is a small shadow I found on dear Aunt Caroline's heart,' continued the old man. 'She spoke pleasantly to you when you were going to school, and you did not answer her because you were in a hurry. So the shadow settled upon her.'

'What!' said Marion, as she felt her cheeks burn at the sight of the great heap of shadows before her, 'these all my shadows! But I will try not to make any more.'

Just then a ray of sunshine fell upon the Shadow Man, and Marion saw that it shone right through him; He seized his bag, and whisked out of sight in a moment, just as Marion's mother came into the room and said:

'Well, I declare! Here is my little girl fast asleep!'—'S.S. Times.'

Their New Home.

(By Mary W. Carpenter, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Mr. and Mrs. Brown Sparrow for a long time felt very uneasy in the different homes they had made each year.

Their first great trouble came when they built a beautiful nest in a little bird-house perched high in a large maple-tree. The place seemed so far from dogs and cats they felt quite safe. But one day, when Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow had flown away for a little exercise, some naughty boys climbed the tree and took away the nest, with four little eggs inside. When Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow came back they found they no longer had a home, for only the cold, bare bird-house was left.

They next tried a snug place under a piazza near by, where they were sure no one would find them, and that on the morrow they could begin a new nest. So the little birds talked together and helped each other to bear the loss of their home, and when daylight came they started their nest in a quiet corner under a piazza roof.

When the nest was nearly finished, they flew away to find some soft wool to line it, and when they were flying back, they saw a man with a long pole poking and pushing their little home, until at last it was loosed from its place and fell to the ground.

The little birds hardly knew what to do after this last misfortune, but like brave little birds, they started once more, and soon had another nest. But time after time their home was destroyed, until they were almost discouraged. Sometimes it would be many months when they would be happy, but something was sure to come and tear down the nest or destroy the eggs.

Try as hard as they could, they did not seem to find a place of safety, and one of the little birds had always to stay at home when the other flew away for food, to guard as far as possible the nest and little ones.

One day Mr. Brown Sparrow took a little longer trip than usual, and flew over the trees and houses, and at last lighted on the roof of a little railroad-station. At the same time a train came puffing down the track, and the huge engine, with its noise and smoke, frightened poor little Mr. Brown Sparrow. He started to fly away, but could only get as far as the weather-vane on the station, he was so weak from fright. He clung to the iron rod until the train disappeared; then when the smoke had cleared away and he could see round a little, he found a tiny engine—just like the big one which had frightened him so—directly in front of him. He sat very still, and waited to see if this engine would, like the big one, disappear with a rush; but it remained quite still, and moved only when a breeze blew against it.

Finally he mustered courage enough to alight on the engine, and when the breeze came and swayed it first one way, then another, he found the motion delightful. On hopping about, he found a little car fastened to the engine. He flew through the door, into what seemed to him a little room; and all at once the idea came into his head, 'What a beautiful place for a nest!'

He flew back home at once, and when he told Mrs. Brown Sparrow of the fine place he had found, she was very much delighted, and flew back with him to take a look at the new quarters. They found the car a safe and sheltered place, and they cuddled down together to wait until a train went by, to see if it was really quite as good a place as they had thought it for a nest.

Mrs. Brown Sparrow did not mind in the least the rumbling and rattling of the trains, so they at once began to gather strings and straws for this last home. So clever were the little bills and so fleet their little wings, the new dwelling was ready in a few days, and when the first warm days came they moved into their new home.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow wonder again and again why no other little birds ever thought of this place to live in, for the gentle swaying of the car always lulls the little sparrows to sleep at night, and even Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow find the swinging home a very restful one.

This weather-vane is on the top of a little station not many miles from Boston, and the little Sparrow family is still living in the little car, as cozy as cozy can be.

Correspondence

M., P. Q.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any girl by the name of Beryl write to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. I will be 12 years old in September, and I have a sister 14 months younger than I am, and a brother 4 years younger than I am. We have two canaries (Paddy and Beauty) for pets. I go to M. R. School, and am in the sixth grade. I will close with some riddles:

1. Why is a tailor like a woodcock?
2. If you throw a man out of a window, what does he fall against?
3. How can you take one from nineteen and leave twenty?
4. Why is a tale-bearer like a brick-layer?
5. Why is a beehive like a spectator?

BERYL FIELD.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father owns a mill called the Hemlock Valley Mill. We live on a hill with water on both sides of us. The streams meet down by the mill. I like to go down and watch the water run over the boards, and then fall down on the logs and other things below. It makes a splashing noise, and the foam comes.

'The Man at the Wheel.' Drawn by Violet Smith, Montreal.

My father's mill is three stories high. We go into the middle story first, then we go up one stair to the highest story in the building, and then down to the lowest story. There we can plainly hear when it falls, and we can see the stream at the back of the mill.

On the 24th of May we generally have a picnic. We go out fishing, though we dare not go in swimming, because there are so many springs in the water. I am glad vacation has come, though I like to go to school. I have only missed one day since Christmas, and I have a mile and a half to go to school.

I have three brothers, but I have not any sisters. In the evening we generally play croquet. I am twelve years old. We have taken the 'Messenger' since I was four.

MABEL SHOUP.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I live in the city, and go to King Edward School, and they are putting a new flat on it, while we are having our summer holidays. There will be three flats when it is finished. I am in the intermediate second room. I am 9 years old, and go to College Street Baptist Sunday school.

L. MASON.

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—One day my father and I were going to Moncton. We saw two moose on the railway. They ran around by the track for a while, and then jumped the fence and ran up North. They were larger than a horse, and had no horns. We have two horses and a colt. The horse's names are Frank and Tom (I like Tom the best). The colt's name is Nellie. On Friday I saw Frank and Nellie running after a deer in the pasture. The strawberries are ripe now, and are quite thick. I am eleven years old. I am going into the Fourth Reader next term. Our teacher is coming back again. I am taking music lessons. I have not taken a quarter yet, but can play two hymns. I will close with best wishes to this 'club.'

ANNIE I. HENRY.

Q. P., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I was very pleased to see the drawing of my sleigh dogs. I am sending you a picture of a husky dog belonging to one of my brothers in the North, where he is trading with the Indians. We had a very savage sleigh dog of my brother's here this spring. He killed and ate our hen turkey while she was on her nest, and after that he killed and ate our gobler, so we had to send him away. We now have eight goslings and nine young turkeys. There is a picnic on the 12th, and we are all going.

S. B. FIELD.

P. R., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of 50 acres at P. R. There is a river about a mile from here in which we have lots of fun bathing, 'In the good old summer time.' There is also good trout fishing up stream. There is a lodge of the I. O. G. T. here, with a membership of 68. We had a public review of our Sunday School for last quarter. We have no school teacher there now. I think the answer to Violet's third riddle (July 5th) is Adam.

P. GUY BUTLER (aged 15).

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. My birthday was July 1. I got a silver watch and a gold-plated chain, a camera stand for my Brownie camera (it is a number 2), and I got two books. One is 'Out of the Strait,' and the other 'Young Peggy McQueen.'

J. GILFORD BRUCE.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We are having our school holidays now, for six weeks. I go to Sunday school every Sunday afternoon. We haven't any pastor at present. The five places that I would like to visit in Canada are Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Victoria and Niagara Falls. There is one boat running up this river at present. There were two, but one, named the 'Crystal Stream,' got burned up. Four men were burned up in it, and a lot of other people got injured quite badly. I have all of my 'Messengers' that I have got since Christmas, but one or two. I got all the alphabet of Bible names completed but the letter K.

The letters Q, W, X and Y are left out of Alfreda's alphabet.

DELLA HETHERINGTON.

Peterborough.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl ten years old. We live on a farm, and I have two brothers and two sisters. The Orangemen were at our church on Sunday. We are building a red brick house this summer. The carpenters are here now. The old house is over sixty years old. I have read quite a number of books. I am reading 'More than Conqueror' now; it is a good book. We have about a mile to go to school. Our teacher is going away after holidays, and another one is coming. I don't know who she is yet. My father is head trustee. About twenty-four, on an average, come to our school, and there are more boys than girls.

ANNA L. PERRIN.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of the 'Northern Messenger,' as it is the only paper I get. When I was in the baby class at Sunday School I got 'Little Learners,' but now I am not in the baby class. We also got little cards with the picture of our lesson; I have one hundred and thirty-nine saved up. I notice most of the boys and girls live in the country, and their fathers are farmers, but mine is not; he is a druggist in the city. Jack Canuck suggested that every reader of the 'Messenger' should name five places in Canada they would like to go to best. My favorite places are Halifax, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Although Scotland and Japan are not in Canada, I would like to visit them.

RICA McLEAN (age 9 years).

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little English girl, eight years old. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and I like Canada. I have been to Florida and New York, and up through the States. I have a kitten for a pet. I lost my collie dog this winter, and I miss him very much, as he used to draw me on my sleigh.

ELSIE MAUD BOWDEN.

B. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will be thirteen in January. I go to school every day, but I'm not going now, because we are having our holidays. We have seven weeks holidays. I have three brothers and no sisters. Our teacher is the best teacher in Canada; he can't be beat. For a pet I have a little kitten, but I have not named it yet.

'A Harvest Girl.' Drawn by Gladys Huntley (aged 13), Charlottetown.

W. T. BROOKS.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and we have lots of fun. We have quite a little rushing town. We have three canning factories, and five stores, with a Standard Bank. I have but one brother, and no sisters. I have a little puppy dog named Beauty. It will draw a little cart which my daddy made for it, with harness.

NINA STEWART.

OTHER LETTERS.

Reta Cook, F., Ont., sends several riddles, but they have been asked before. Write a longer letter next time, Reta.

Why, here's a shorter letter even than Reta's, from Ruby C. Taylor, K., Washington. Let us hope these little ladies' tongues are more busy than their pens.

Annie Hanbridge, M. H., Ont., says they have nine little pigs on their farm. What a pity they have to grow up, isn't it, Annie? They are such cunning little pink beggars when they are small.

Janet Thomson, U., Ont., sends several riddles that have been asked before, but she also sent a very good drawing. It will be in next week's 'Messenger,' with another very good one. Altogether, we are very proud of some of our artists, and the two drawings that are in this week deserve special mention.

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HOUSEHOLD.

A Bit of Advice.

(By Priscilla Leonard.)

Don't cover your cross with prickles.
It is hard enough to bear,
It needs all your courage to carry
And not a bit to spare.
So take it as it is given,
And add no care nor fret,
For under the goad the heaviest load
Weighs tenfold heavier yet.

Don't cover your cross with prickles.
What use are worry and tears?
They only cripple the spirit,
They only darken the years.
No; take up your burden bravely,
And it will surely grow
More light each day, as along life's way,
Your steadfast footsteps go.

Selected Fruit Syrups.

Many housewives who do their own preserving long ago made the discovery that the surplus of fruit syrups from the canning and preserving, if poured in sterilized bottles and sealed furnished them not only with delightfully refreshing beverages to serve ice cold during the heated term, but were a perfect blessing when fresh fruits were no longer in market. For delicious frozen creams, ices, puddings and pudding sauces and, as a delicious adjunct to other and various culinary dainties, these left over syrups, especially of fruits too ripe or sweet to 'jell,' are now greatly valued.

Very often fruit is not quite perfect, or may be too ripe, according to the housewife's ideas, to preserve whole. By the same token it will not do for jelly, and you may not be a great lover of jam and marmalade. Under these conditions you can follow the rule given for preparing fruit juices as an independent and separate acquisition to your kitchen supplies.

First get your fruit juice, clear in same manner as for jelly; measure, and for general culinary purposes allow equal measures of the strained juice and sugar. For using in beverages, ices, sauces and preparations into which milk does not enter as a component part, to a half pint of clear fruit juice add a pound of granulated sugar and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Bring slowly to a boil and cook to a thick syrup, but take from the fire before it becomes a jelly. Pour into sterilized bottles, cork tightly and seal. In order to keep their rich, natural color, either tie the bottles up in paper sacks or wrap in paper and write name plainly on each wrapper. If the fruit juice is quite tart, the lemon juice may be omitted, but to the very sweet juices it gives character as well as piquancy.—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

LEMON SYRUP.—Grate the thin yellow part from the rind of six lemons and mix with three pounds of fine granulated sugar, add a quart of water and let stand, stirring frequently, until the sugar looks rather clear. Then boil gently, covered, until it will rope from a spoon. Strain and add the strained juice of six lemons; boil gently for ten minutes; then bottle and seal. Serve by diluting with two-thirds ice water or chopped ice.

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—Crush fresh perfectly ripe blackberries and add to them one-fourth as much boiling water as berries. Let stand twenty-four hours, stirring frequently. Strain and add a cup of sugar to each quart of juice, boil slowly for fifteen minutes, then seal in bottles.

$10 WOMAN'S LUSTRE SUITS, $6. Wash Suits $2.50 up. Cloth Suits $6 to $10. Skirts, Waists and Silk Coats at manufacturers prices. All garments tailored to your measure within one week. Send for free cloth samples and fashions.
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In ordering patterns from catalogue, please quote page of catalogue as well as number of pattern, and size.

NO. 5668.—CHILD'S FRENCH PETTICOAT.

The French modes for children's undergarments are especially recommended to be worn with the long-waisted dresses so popular this season. The model here pictured is quite simple and very satisfactory, as two skirts are included in the pattern, a straight gathered and a circular one. The waist is well fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams, and allows of two lengths, long or medium. The materials most employed are lawn, nainsook, linen and cambric, and tiny frills of lace or embroidery form the prettiest trimming. For a child of six years one yard and a half of material 36 inches wide will be required. Sizes for 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 years.

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Cleaning Hints.

Lard oil and rotten-stone made into a paste is the best kind of a preparation for cleaning brass. It should be applied briskly with a flannel cloth or a fine brush (if the surface is rough), washed off with soapsuds, dried and polished with chamois or flannel.—'Presbyterian.'

For cleaning zinc under the kitchen stove a housewife writes that she never found anything equal to spirits of turpentine. Spread the fluid all over the zinc and let it remain for a few minutes. Then take an old soft cloth and go all over it, rubbing every inch thoroughly. Wash up with hot water and soap and wipe dry.—'Exchange.'

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